This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Donizetti - Marie - 1850

Mus
576
314

Mus 576.314

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918

IBRARY

MARIE,

OR THE

DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

A

COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS.

MUSIC BY DONIZETTI.

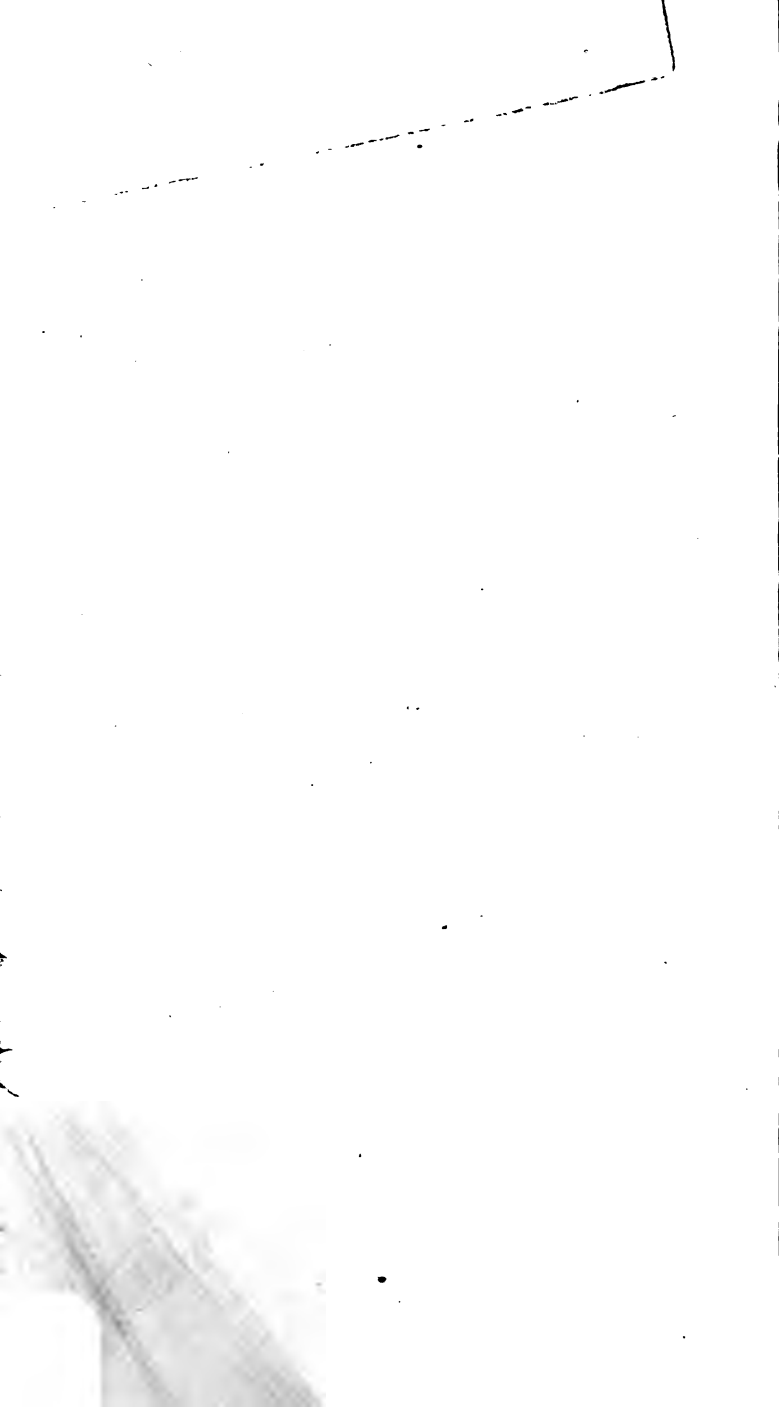
The Piece Translated and Adapted from La Fille du Regiment.

BY EDWARD SÉGUIN.

Performed for the first time in America (as an Opera) in the English language, at the Walnut-St. Theatre, Philadelphia, Oct. 2, 1848.

PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY WHITE & POTTER.
1850.



MARIE,

OR THE

DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

A

COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS.

MUSIC BY DONIZETTI.

The Piece Translated and Adapted from La Fille du Regiment.

BY EDWARD SÉGUIN.

Performed for the first time in America (as an Opera) in the English language, at the Walnut-St. Theatre, Philadelphia, Oct. 9, 1843.

PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY WHITE & POTTER.
1850.

Thurs 5.76.3/4

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

ENTERED according to "An Act of Congress," by
EDWARD SEGUIN,
In the Clerk's office of the District Court of Maryland.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Marchioness of Berkenfeld. - - -
Duchess of Crackenthorp. - - -
Marie, (Sutler of the 21st Regiment.) -
Tonio, (A Tyrolean Peasant.) - -
Serjeant Carlouche. - - - -
Corporal Fireaway. - - - -
Hortensius, (Steward to the Marchioness.)
Notary. - - - - - - - -
Footman. - - - - - - -
French Soldiers, Tyrolese Peasants, Guests, Bavarian Nobles, &c.

*** The Scene lies in the Tyrol.

☞ One year is supposed to have elapsed between the First and Second Acts.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

Tyrolese peasants are on the watch for the enemy; women are praying before a Madonna, and the Marchioness of Berkenfeld, in great terror, is supported by her steward, Hortensius. *Chorus.* A peasant comes to announce that the French (the enemy) have retired, and that peace is restored to the country. The Marchioness, on her way to Austria, has been informed that the enemy was near, and she dares not proceed. She asks for the protection of the peasants, have already been, she says, a victim of war. Hortensius is left to take of the carriage.

SCENE II.

Enter Cartouche, a sergeant, who tells Hortensius not to be so terrified, and to go and inform his friends that the soldiers come to bring peace, and that there is no need for them to conceal themselves. *Exit* Hortensius.

SCENE III.

Cartouche welcomes Marie, a young sutler, Cartouche saying: This is our dear child, the pride of the 21st regiment. *Duet.*— Then Cartouche relates that twelve years ago, as they were passing through these mountains following the enemy, they found on the road, among broken carriages and peasants asking for mercy, a child raising her arms towards them. It was Marie. They protected her, took care of her, and she was brought up at the expense of the regiment, who called her their daughter. Notwithstanding a letter found upon her, and now in the hands of Cartouche, nothing could be discovered about her family. Cartouche asks her if it is true that she sometimes meets with a young man who loves her, as has been reported. Yes, answers she; and it is with a young Tyrolean, who saved me from falling over a precipice when I was gathering some flowers. But when the regiment left the place, two days ago, we bade adieu to each other, and we shall never meet again. Cartouche tells her that she did right to put an end to that acquaintance, because the young man was one of the enemy, and she had engaged not to marry any one except a soldier of the regiment. This she acknowledges, and Cartouche is about to retire, when a noise is heard and Tonio is brought in by soldiers.

SCENE IV.

Marie recognizes Tonio, who has been arrested as a spy, and whom the soldiers wish to shoot; she tells them that this young man saved her life. On hearing this they all become friends of Tonio, and drink with him. *Chorus* and *Rondo*, sung by Marie. The drum is heard, and the soldiers retire to attend to their duty, taking Tonio away with them.

SCENE V.

Tonio is soon seen running back to join Marie. He has pretended to follow the soldiers, but escaped from them at a turning of a thicket, and returns to tell Marie that he loves her, and cannot live away from her. *Duet.*

SCENE VI.

The Sergeant surprises Tonio as he is embracing Marie, and says to him that he cannot be permitted to love her, and that she cannot be the wife of any one unless he belongs to the regiment. That is true, says Marie, but I am at liberty not to marry at all.

SCENE VII.

The Sergeant threatens that he will have her lover shot if he is seen again; to which Marie replies that if they are so cruel, so tyrannical, she will leave them and join another regiment in the army.

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Marchioness with Hortensius. She requests Cartouche, to whom she is introduced by her steward, to do her the favor of sending a few of his soldiers to see her safe to her chateau of Berkenfeld. At that name Cartouche is astonished. He remembers that it is mentioned in the letter relating to Marie. Then he finds out from the Marchioness that a Captain Robert, was married to a sister of hers, who is since dead; that from that marriage a child was born, which twelve years ago was lost in the confusion of a battle, the servant to whom Captain Robert had entrusted his child having been killed as he was carrying her to her mother. From this it is evident that this child was Marie, and Cartouche shows the letter as a proof. The Marchioness claims her niece.

SCENE IX.

Enter Marie. She asks Cartouche if he is still angry with her. No, says he, but now, my child you will have to enter another family, richer and nobler than ours, for your real one has been discovered, and here is your aunt, pushing her into the arms of the Marchioness. The Marchioness wishes to take her away

from the soldiers immediately, but Marie, to whom the letter of her father is shown, says she will obey and follow her only after she has taken leave of the regiment. Hortensius is sent to get the carriage ready, and the Marchioness retires with Marie into the Cottage.

SCENE X.

The soldiers are coming in from all sides at the sound of the drum. *Chorus* and *Finale.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Tonio, with a French cockade in his cap. He has just enlisted himself in the regiment, and as one of them he asks for the hand of Marie. All the soldiers say that if he is loved by her they give their consent.

SCENE XII.

Tonio tells Cartouche, who comes in with Marie, that she is his, that the regiment has given her to him. Cartouche answers him, that now she has found her family, and that she is going away with her annt. Marie says, also, she must depart, and shows her sorrow at leaving them, and particularly Tonio, who has become a soldier so as to be able to marry her. The Marchioness calling for Marie, goes away with her after having bid adieu to all her friends.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A notary is reading to the Marchioness and to the Duchess of Crakentorp, a marriage contract by which the latter gives to her nephew, the Duke Scipion, (who is to marry Marie,) her estate worth ten thousand florins a year, and the Marchioness secures to her niece her domain of Berkenfeld. All the articles being agreed upon and the time for signing the contract being appointed for that evening, the Duchess retires.

SCENE II.

Enter the Serjeant. The Marchioness requests him to use his influence with her niece, to induce her to marry the Duke, one of the greatest personages in Bavaria.

SCENE III.

Marie comes in depressed and sad. She has for a year been under the care of good instructors and has much improved in

her education and her manners. The Marchioness wishes her to try the Romance she is to sing in the evening before the company. *Terzetto.* Marie not liking much the style of the music, forgets herself and sings with the Sergeant the song of the regiment. The Marchioness entreats her to give up such singing, so improper for one in her position and tells Cartouche that she relies upon his good advice to her niece.

SCENE IV.

Marie don't like the constraint of her new life, and is glad to return for a while to her habits. She is opposed to the marriage with the Duke, but as she is told by the Sergeant that it is for her good, and that very likely Tonio has forgotten her since he became a soldier, she makes up her mind to do what they wish of her.

SCENE V.

Enter Hortensius to tell Cartouche that a soldier wishes to see him. He retires after having received Marie's promise that she would gain courage to comply with her aunt's desires.

SCENE VI.

Marie left alone, deplores her fate. *Cavatina.* And expresses her regrets for the happiness of her youth. While she is singing, a military march is heard, and from the window she recognizes with great joy her beloved regiment.

SCENES VII. AND VIII.

Marie throws herself into the arms of the soldiers, who are coming in from all sides overjoyed to meet her again. Are all our friends here? says the Serjeant as he enters. Yes, all answer the soldiers. Is there no one missing? asks Marie, looking for Tonio. No, replies he himself, none of those who love you. On seeing her astonishment to find him now an officer, he explains that after she had left him, he wantonly exposed his life, seeking for death; but fortune favored him and brought distinction upon him for his gallantry.

SCENES IX. AND X.

Hortensius is called in by Marie and the Serjeant to give wine to the soldiers, and as he refuses to do it unless he is compelled, the soldiers carry him off to the cellar. Marie and Tonio ask the sergeant to use his influence with the Marchioness to get her consent to their marriage. But after all, says Tonio, if she resists our entreaties, I know a secret which my

uncle has entrusted to me, to make use of as a last resort, and by means of which we will carry our point. The carriage of the Marchioness being heard, he is advised to retire so as to wait for an introduction; but he is too late, the Marchioness enters.

SCENE XI.

SONG.

The Marchioness asks Tonio the object of his visit. He answers, that he loves Marie; that he became a soldier to live near her, and now, that he has her love, he comes to ask for her hand. The Marchioness, shocked at the proposal, tells him to retire, as her niece is about to marry one of the richest noblemen of the country. Then replies Tonio, since you force me to speak, I declare that Captain Robert never married your sister; that you had no sister, and that Marie not being your niece, she is free. The regiment has been imposed upon, to be deprived of their child, but when he shall have proved these facts, they will all come to reclaim her. He is ordered out, and Marie retires to her apartments.

SCENE XII.

The Marchioness left alone with the Serjeant, confides to him her secret. She loved Captain Robert, and was secretly married to him a year before he was killed. During the impediments interposed by her rank and high station, she became the mother of Marie, and now, in order to conceal this, she entreats the Serjeant to assist her in bringing to a conclusion a marriage which will give her daughter a powerful support, and save her own reputation.

SCENES XIII AND XIV.

Hortensius announces that the company is coming for the signing of the marriage contract. The Marchioness relying upon the Serjeant, hurries him out to speak to her daughter, The notary is introduced with the Duchess, who is astonished and displeased not to see Marie there. The Marchioness tells him she is not quite ready, but will soon make her appearance.

SCENES XV AND XVI.

Enter the Serjeant to inform the Marchioness that Marie refuses to come, and that he sees no other means to decide her than to tell her the whole truth; well, answers the former, do what you think best, but she must come for my sake. He goes out. The notary then says that he will sign the contract as proxy for the Duke, who is detained at court by his duty. The Duchess is very much dissatisfied to be kept waiting by Marie.

SCENES XVII AND XVIII.

Marie, as she enters, runs into the arms of the Marchioness, exclaiming, "My mother!" then she says she is ready to obey. Tonio and the soldiers come in. FINALE. They all claim Marie as their sutler and their daughter. Marie herself confirms all that they have said. The invited guests and even the Duchess, charmed with her amiability and noble disposition, still ask her to sign; but as she is about to do it, the Marchioness, moved by such devotedness in her daughter, exclaims, "stay! the husband I give her is the one her heart has chosen, and here he is," pointing to Tonio. General chorus.

END OF ARGUMENT.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE 1.—*The Stage represents a picturesque spot in the mountains of the Tyrol—A Chalet on one side—A Madonna in the centre.*

At the rising of the curtain, groups of peasants are looking out in alarm from the mountains; others kneeling to Madonna; the Marchioness fainting, is reclining on a bank, attended by Hortensius.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

Hark, the foe advances;
Prepare, friends, prepare;
Yes, in deepest silence,
Arm and prepare.

PRAYER BY THE FEMALE PEASANTS.

Holy Madonna! Oh! Virgin Mother,
Here at thy feet we come to pray,
That thou wilt lend th' influence of thy love
And shield us in the coming fray.

HORTENSIUS.

Come on, oh quickly leave this scene of gore,
Yourself collect—and make one effort more.

LA MARQUESA.

To be thus by the enemy surprised;
Oh horror! Alas! one too surely dies—

CHORUS.

Hark! the foe advances—
Prepare, friends, prepare;
For life will worthless be
Unless the foe you dare.

A PEASANT FROM MOUNTAIN.

See! Behold! The foe from the mountain hies;
Joy, friends! your fear dispel—all danger flies.

CHORUS OF FEMALES.

What happiness Bruno comes to bring us here;
His word spreads joy around—dispels all fear.

SONG.

LA MARQUESA.

Lo! for a lady of my state;
Oh! what a miserable fate!
These horrid soldiers none respect,
What indeed can I then expect—
Thus am I fixed, in sorry plight,
Half dead with trouble and affright;
I would I was at home again,
Delivered from these horrid men.

SECOND COUPLET.

These Frenchmen (one and all assure me)
That if one has a spark of beauty,
These horrid wretches are the worst brigands,
In fact, we are in danger in their hands;
At what may hap'n, fears my heart oppress.
Alas! I too well my fate can guess;
Their sight such beauty never can escape,
Such grace—such innocence—such a shape.

A PEASANT.

They are gone. So let your fright now cease.

LA MARQ.

What? They depart! then my heart's at peace.

CHORUS.

Joy alone is ours; the foe disappears;
Peace once again will dispel all our fears.

(All Exeunt.)

DURT.

MARIE AND SERGEANT.

Behold our pretty daughter! Lo, she is there,
The regiment is blest with such fatherly care.

MARIE.

My Regiment, of thee I am truly proud;
A faithful parent hast thou proved,
For in weal or wo, sunshine or in cloud,
Ever hast thou smiled, ever loved.

SERGEANT.

It is true!

MARIE.

Thou alone hast been my friend,
My Brother and Protector to the end,
And if I could with words my feelings prove,
Thou wouldst find I have ne'er disgraced thy love.

SERGEANT.

Oh! as an angel, she is beauteous.

MARIE.

No, as a soldier, I am courageous.

MARIE.

Oh what music to me
In the camp's warlike hum,
How joyous and free
Is the roll of the drum!
Fearless I for glory sigh,
For victory I long!
For France and for Victory!
These are my song.

SERGEANT. (*With pride.*)

And it is I who made her thus,
Yes, I say it with glee,
For ne'er was seen Duchess or Queen
That could so gentle be.

MARIE. ENSEMBLE. SERGEANT.

O what music to me
In the camp's warlike hum;
How joyous and free
Is the roll of the drum.

O what music to me
In the camp's warlike hum;
How joyous and free
Is the sound of the drum.

SERGEANT TO MARIE.

Happy day, when heaven in kindness
Gave thee a child to my care,
When thy weeping broke the deadness
Of the camp's lonely air.

MARIE.

Each one of you, like tender father,
This tongue but feebly attests,
Has so petted and caressed me,
That I chose for my cradle thy breast.

SERGEANT.

Whereon in peace you safely slept.

MARIE.

And there in dreams of bliss I leapt.

BOTH.

Yes, to the roll of the stirring drum.

MARIE.

But having now to state of woman come,
'Tis the hand at cap and follow the drum.

SERGEANT.

Such the orders, girl, so naught else expect;
All duteous daughters their fathers respect.

MARIE.

On the day of feast, or either that of spoil,
Did you ever find your sutler shrink from toil?

SERGEANT.

No, but the wounded with courage inspire,
Shouting victory 'mid smoke and 'mid fire.

MARIE.

And then at eve, with clinking cup and can,
Cheering all as o'er my lovely songs I ran.

SERGEANT.

Yes, and who teased us with her merry jest?
'Twas our daughter gay—teased? said I; no, blest.

MARIE.

And then, if I had capacity to try,
You dubbed me Vivandiere.

SERGEANT.

Ay, with unanimity.

BOTH.

Yes, chosen Vivandiere with unanimity—

MARIE.

And well you know, that to the battle field
I have marched, and ne'er to the foe did yield.

SERGEANT.

Yes, she oft has marched!

MARIE.

And the foe had dared;
Nay, more, and in the cannon's mouth have stared.

SERGEANT.

Ah! she would danger brave, and for us fight!

MARIE.

Ay, as a child should for its father fight,
Then why not I for mine?

SERGEANT.

Ay, why not thou for thine?

MARIE.

I would have marched.

SERGEANT.

She would have marched.

MARIE.

Ay, and bravely fought
" En avant" is the cry—the victory is bought.

BOTH.

" En avant" is the cry—the victory is bought.

MARIE. ENSEMBLE. SERJEANT.

Oh ! what music to me ! Oh ! what music to her !

CHORUS AND CONCERTED PIECE.

CHORUS.

Away ! away ! March quick away !

MARIE.

Do I dream ? Oh heav'n ! what is't they say ;
Can it be he ? It is he !

SERGEANT.

How's this ? What he ?
This ! the Stranger ! what he that loves thee ?

TONIO. (*Advancing and looking at Marie.*)

Ah me unhappy—how sad my fate !

MARIE.

Stay ! What seek you here with us my friend ?

TONIO.

What could I seek ?—you know I seek but you ?

CHORUS.

'Tis a traitor base that's come to spy :
By honor's laws he must this instant die.

MARIE. *Throwing herself into the midst of the Soldiers.*

One instant grant—nay, I implore ye, friends.

CHORUS.

No ! here we rank him as a traitorous spy.

MARIE.

Say not so—he saved your Daughter's life.

MARIE.

One morn when from a frightful precipice
I was falling, no hope nor succor near at hand,
With his protecting arms he bravely saved my life,
Then would ye harm him as he doth defenceless stand?

SERGEANT.

No indeed—Since he assistance such as this did lend,
We recognize him as a comrade and a friend.

TONIO.

Thanks, gallant hearts, 'tis what my heart desires,
She is the only one to whom my soul aspires.

SERGEANT.

Now, my friends—come let's greet the fearless man,
In honor to his worth, in brimming can,
To Bavaria, his adopted land, let's drink.

TONIO.

No, never! rather would I to perdition sink.

SERGEANT.

What said he—

TONIO.

But to France, that beauteous land
I'll drink, and greet my friends with heart and hand.

CHORUS.

Let's drink, and greet our friend with heart and hand.

SERGEANT.

And that we may our happiness prolong
Wilt thou sing, my child, our Regiment's song?

CHORUS.

Ay, we will list to our Regiment's song.

RONDO—MARIE.

Throughout the land all people say
Our regiment is most excellent pay;
Landlords all haste whenever we call,
Serving the stingo freely to all;

We with the ladies favorites are,
But lovers and husbands how they swear
At the 21st, so petted by the fair,
So we are—so we are, 'tis true
By the fair we are called true blue.

CHORUS.

We with the ladies favorites are ;
But lovers and husbands, how they swear
At the 21st, so petted by the fair.

TONIO.

Here's to the 21st and the fair.

SECOND VERSE.

We are victorious in ev'ry fight,
Love is our pastime, war our delight ;
Our Emperor each man will advance,
After the peace, to a Marshal of France ;
For well you know that we're the boys,
In love or fight we find our joys.

CHORUS.

So we are—So we are, 'tis true, &c.

A Drum is heard.

Hark, the tap of the drum, follow and away,
Our pleasure is o'er, for duty cease our lay,
You must right about and march quick away.
(*To Tonio.*)

MARIE. (*Joyously.*)

Nay ! my prisoner he is—for him I will answer.

SERGEANT. (*Going between them.*)

That will not do—so march, if you can, sir.

CHORUS.

Hark, the tap of the drum all must obey ;
Lo ! the hour is come and we must away,
Hast'ning to war, we danger defy—
Welcome each peril, and bid peace good by.

Sulpice, Corporal and soldiers, exeunt.

DUO.—MARIE AND TONIO.

MARIE TO TONIO.

Say! still dost thou love me?

TONIO.

Heaven knows I love thee;
List! and you shall judge me.

MARIE. (*Smiling.*)

Speak, I will hear and judge.

TONIO.

Since that blest hour, when in my arms
I bore secure your panting charms,
Your lovely image from my heart,
By night or day, will ne'er depart.

MARIE.

Ay! this is but mem'ry of the past:
Very good—but mem'ry will not last.

TONIO.

Yet, hear me—I have not told thee all.

MARIE.

Say on! I will listen, and will judge withal.

TONIO.

My native land—my early friends—
Companions of my infancy—
All that to life its value lends—
Dearest, I quit them all for thee.

MARIE.

But such indifference is sinful, indeed;
Still, you had better quit them with speed.

TONIO.

For thy dear sake I've sought the war,
And in the ranks my valor proved:
Unknown, I've followed vict'ry's star—
My hope to be by thee beloved.

MARIE.

I know it well—to be by me beloved.

TONIO.

While others shared the victory,
Dear one, for thee I only fought;
For thy dear sake I sought the war,
And the thickest danger sought.

MARIE.

Confession how enchanting!
How dear thy words to me!
My foolish heart is panting
To give itself to thee.

TONIO.

Confession how enchanting!
How dear thy words to me!
My foolish heart is panting
To give itself to thee.
True, I love thee, but must I love alone?

MARIE.

Stay! you shall judge, and call me then your own.

TONIO.

Say on—and then I'll call thee all my own.

MARIE.

Coquettish, long so gay and free,
I sighed the pains of love to see;
But now my heart sweet sadness fills,
And with fond love my bosom thrills.

TONIO.

Oh! blessed words!

MARIE.

I loved the wars—
Despised the foe with all my soul;
But now I am a traitor grown—
Helpless in dear love's control.

TONIO.

What bliss to me!

MARIE.

But one summer's day, all sad and lone,
A violet in blooming garb near me shone;
I plucked the flower, and it with tears bedew'd—
That flow'r I've cherished, love in solitude.
In my bosom ever, lying on my heart,
Oh, yes! dear bud, from thee I'll never part.

ENSEMBLE.

TONIO AND MARIE.

Confession how enchanting!
How dear thy words to me!
My foolish heart is panting
To give itself to thee.

MARIE.

On Marie's love for ever,
Her Tonio may rely.

TONIO.

On Tonio's love for ever,
Dear Marie may rely.

BOTH.

For death alone can sever
Affection's golden tie.

FINALE. ACT I.

[*Corporal and Chorus very joyously.*]

Rataplan!—Rataplan!—Rataplan!
When the lively sound of the drum
Calls us to the regiment away,
Every heart at the summons beats high,
To the soldier's soul-stirring lay.
In the battle-field all danger flies,
And the soldier in his glory dies!

Tonio with a tricolored cockade in his bonnet.

Oh what a lucky day for me
When I beneath your flag enrolled,
Love first had turned my silly head,
But now it makes me feel quite bold,
For she on whom my heart reposes
On my vows has deigned to smile,
And my path is strewn with roses
While love my hours oft beguile.

CHORUS—*Regarding Tonio.*

Our comrade here too surely is in love.

TONIO.

Ay, alone on you I hope. Oh friendly prove.

CHORUS.

What, is't our Regiment's child that now you love?

TONIO.

You are her fathers—I pray ye, list,
I know on you depends my doom.
So happy make me—Oh speak my fate,
Or send me to the dreary tomb.

CHORUS.

Our child to us is truly dear,
We cannot give her to a foe,
For she well deserves a better fate
Than to consign her heart to wo.

TONIO.

Do you with firmness refuse?

CHORUS.

Ay, she is ours—ours alone.

TONIO.

But list, wi th you I've enrolled,
And for her dear self alone.

CHORUS.

So much the worse.

TONIO.

She loves me—this I swear.

CHORUS.

How's this! What, our daughter Marie? forbear

TONIO.

No. She loves me! 'fore heaven to this I swear.

CHORUS.

Well, a good father should give his consent,
But we would rather she unmarried went.

CORPORAL.

If you say true, her fathers now consent,
Tho' they'd rather she unmarried went.

TONIO.

For my soul, oh what delight!
To my sorrow now good night!
Happy day will ever shine.

CHORUS.

But does she love?

TONIO.

Yes, this, I swear.

SERGEANT.

Hold, she alone belongs to her aunt,
Who will call her hence—spare her she can't.

TONIO.

But her fathers our love have blest,
For they have granted my behest.

CORPORAL AND CHORUS.

Take our child! what say you, with her part?

TONIO.

What! take her from me?—you have doomed my heart
To misery's gloom—for thus must we part!

ROMANCE.—MARIE.

Dear friends of my heart,
We must for ever part;
But pity me!—let me not see
The bitter tears you shed for me.
Adieu—adieu! yes, we must part.

CORPORAL AND CHORUS.

In losing her, we feel deep wo—
Fast falling tears of anguish flow.

SECOND COUPLET.

Yes, we must part! adieu, dear friends,
The happy dream of childhood ends—
But pity me—let me not see
The bitter tears you shed for me.

TONIO. *(To Marie.)*

And then if you must go, so will I——

SERGEANT.

No! our banner you must wave on high.

MARIE.

Ah! good heav'n, Tonio!

TONIO.

Dear, loved Marie!

MARIE.

This cruel blow strikes sadness to my heart—
I deceived him, and now must from him part.

TONIO.

Marie!—Ah! Marie!

CHORUS.

He is pledged to us.

SERGEANT AND CHORUS.

They drag her from our arms! Oh! luckless day—
With that old aunt, the devil fly away—
In the battle's dark hour she has hung o'er the fight
Like a guardian power of beauty and light.

MARIE AND TONIO.

Ah! sad fate! we can cherish hope no more;
Heav'n hears not! so our dream of love is o'er.

MARIE.

My dearest friends, farewell! Pierre, thy hand;
Thine, dear Jacques; and thine, dear, good old friend,
Who, as a child, has borne me in those arms,
One embrace! then adieu to all life's charms.

LA MARQ. (*With indignation.*)

My dear Niece! how horrid! why so wild?

MARIE.

Gallants' hearts, proclaim! am I not your child?

CHORUS.

Yes! proud are we to say—the Regiments' child.

SERGEANT.

Come, courage! tho' sad tears we shed for thee,
That you are fortunate, right glad are we;
Attention! for our Daughter carry arms—
Hence we'll march to wake the world's alarms.

MARIE. (*Drawn away by the Marchioness.*)

Adieu! Adieu! Forget me not!

TONIO.

Adieu! Adieu! Marie, adieu!

CHORUS.

Adieu! Adieu!

[*Drums beat. Soldiers present arms.*

TABLEAU.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE 1.—*One year is supposed to elapse between the first and second Acts.*

The Stage represents a handsome Drawing Room in the Chateau of the Marchioness.

TRIO.

MARIE, MARCHIONESS, AND SERGEANT.

The morning broke upon the hills,
And Venus, from her star above,
Came down amid the woods to seek
The tender object of her love.

SERGEANT. (*Aside to Marie.*)

Ah! once how joyous were our songs.

MARIE.

Yes! Rataplan to our Regiment belongs.

MARCH. (*Interrupting her.*)

Eh! what's this I hear?

MARIE.

It was but my confusion.

SERGEANT.

Only just a recollection.

MARCH.

'Tis well! begin again.

MARIE.

Ah! forgive!
I feel that I can never live—
To think the love which I have given—
A passion born alone of heav'n,
To the beloved of every land.

MARCH.

Go on!

SERGEANT.

Yes! the beloved of every land!

MARIE.

So we are!—So we are!—'tis true,
By the fair we are called true blue.

SERGEANT.

Here's to she 21st.

MARCH.

Oh! I blush for you.

MARIE AND SERGEANT.

What I sing mingles not with our refrain;
I feel that I can ne'er forget that strain.

MARCH.

Pray, now proceed!

MARIE.

I can't—recollection's fled!
And every sense of feeling here is dead!
Well! Venus appeared so beauteous and bright.

MARCH.

Unto the jealous Nightingale's dim sight—

MARIE.

Unto the jealous Nightingale's dim sight,
And then repeated all her love-sick sighs.

SERGEANT. (*Aside to Marie.*)
Of all sighing, give me the drum's shrill sound;
By its music only are my senses bound.

MARCH.
My child, come let us sigh together, tra, la la.

MARIE. (*Repeating.*)
Tra la la—

MARCH.
No—no, 'tis not so, Tra la la.

MARIE. (*Varying it.*)
Tra la la.

MARCH.
Louder!—nay, now it should softer be,
Better—no—

MARIE.
(*Throwing away her music.*)
Oh indeed I cannot, will not sing again;
My heart returns to our Regiment's old refrain.

MARCH.
Oh heaven! what a speech!

MARIE AND SERGEANT.
March! Rataplan,
Our hearts return to the Regiment's old refrain.

MARCH. (*Closing her ears with spite.*)
Horrible song with frightful sounds replete;
Too bad to mingle my beauteous strain,
In fact, so sweet, so delicate an air,
With a horrid soldiers' dire refrain.

END OF TRIO.

RECITATIVE AND CAVATINA.—MARIE.

RECITATIVE.
Well! it is done, and my fate now is changed,
No more must I see the guardians of my youth.

CAVATINA.

Oft the glitter of greatness and riches
My lowliness makes me forget;
Tho' I weep and suffer in silence;
Companions! my heart's with you yet!
'Neath these costly dresses and gems
The grief I bear no eye can see;
Oh why so fine and gay should I look
When with my love I cannot be?

AGITATO.

Ah! my old friends and comrades true,
How sweet the years I spent with you;
I'd freely give all earthly gain
To press your honest hands again.

RECIT.

And now for this contract—
All seem to be impatient,
Yes, now I must sign it,
Then my doom is sealed.

(*She is about to exit, when suddenly a drum is heard. She listens attentively.*)

(*Joyously.*) What is this I hear! Heaven, do I dream?
That strain doth fresh upon my mem'ry gleam.

(*She runs to the window—opens it, and waves her handkerchief.*)

Ah! what joy, delightful moment!
My well loved friends are marching here;
And now the mem'ry of the past
Gushes forth in transport dear.
Dear France, all hail to thee,
Sweet scene of early joy,
Of hopes still bright to me,
Which time can ne'er destroy,
All hail to thee.

I stand 'neath the splendor
Of thy beaming star.
In peace, how tender,
And resistless in war.

(*Chorus of soldiers tumultuously entering and grouping around Marie.*)

RECIT.

It is she! 'tis our Daughter—our child, behold thy friends; thy fathers have found thee at last.

MARIE. (*Embracing them.*)

Dear friends, the bright chain again we have found
That so long our hearts together have bound.

MARIE AND CHORUS.

Dear France, all hail to thee,
Sweet scene of early joy,
Of hopes still bright to me,
Which time can ne'er destroy.

TRIO.

MARIE. TONIO. SERGEANT.

ENSEMBLE.

Once again! what delight!
Let the sparkling gleam
Of affection's beam
Shed forth its cheering light.
Dearest friends, we now have found
The chain our hearts so long has bound.

SERGEANT.

Remembrance dear

TONIO.

Of war's bright glory.

MARIE.

Away with fear,

SERGEANT.

So great in story.

MARIE.

Those days have passed, but we are here,
To thee my love and friend now near.

ENSEMBLE.

Once again, what delight!
Let the sparkling gleam
Of affection's beam,
Shed forth its cheering light.

TONIO AND MARIE.

Then wilt thou for { me / him } speak?
Say! wilt thou fulfill our 'hest?

MARIE.

The task be yours, my friend.

SERGEANT.

No need! Thou art for ever blest!

MARIE AND TONIO.

Well! now I've won her heart—
Stricken thus with Cupid's dart—
I ne'er will from thee part.

ENSEMBLE.

Once again, what delight!
Let the sparkling gleam
Of affection's beam,
Shed forth its cheering light.

ROMANCE. TONIO AND MARIE.

That I might live in your dear sight,
I to the wars a soldier went,
And risked my life in strife and fight—
A soldier in her own Regiment—
If to her vows she faithful prove,
And still her heart beat true to me,
Ah! never will I cease to love
Till life shall be no more to me.

ENSEMBLE. MARCH, MARIE, AND SERGEANT.

Yes! I now must punish—
Ah! what trouble moves my heart!
'Tis well! she now my anger fears,
For from her love she e'en must part.

SERGEANT.

Trembling, to thee with hope both turn
And pray thee now to bless their love,
For both with true affection burn—
A fire that's kindled from above.

TONIO AND MARIE.

Trembling, to thee with hope we turn,
And pray thee now to bless our love,
For both with pure affection burn—
A fire that's kindled from above.

FINALE.

MARIE. TONIO. SERGEANT AND CHORUS.

OMNES.

Hark! what sounds break on the air.

TONIO. (*Entering with soldiers.*)

Follow me! follow me!

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Dearest Daughter! we have sped
To your aid—we are all here!
We are your friends, your father,
You now have nothing more to fear.
No more sighing—no more weeping,
We have come to rescue thee;
Fear not, Daughter, we are ready,
Near thee we will ever be.

TONIO. (*Pointing to Marie.*)

They come to save her whom you sacrifice,
Her from whom you'd tear all childhood's ties.

SOLDIERS.

Never.

MARCH.

Explain.

TONIO.

I will no more be silent.

SOLDIERS.

She, our Sutler, was the child of the Regiment.

CHORUS OF GUESTS.

Can this be true? A Sutler! Oh, what horror!

SERGEANT.

Yes! a sutler. Now all is lost! all is o'er.

MARIE.

Yes, by fate in their arms was I thrown,
A child of misfortune, hapless and lone;
They opened their hearts to my friendless state,
And thus kindly lightened my dreary fate;
Can I then forget such noble friends,
When o'er my life their love extends?

MARIE.

You now know all—and will you make me sign?

TONIO.

(*Looking at Marie, who takes the pen.*)

Will she consent?

MARCH.

What so much for me resign?

CHORUS OF GUESTS.

What can she mean?

MARCH.

Nay, too much! It cannot be,
I cannot doom my child to such misery.
(*Going to Marie and preventing her signing.*)
No more pride—here's her husband that shall be.

MARIE.

Tonio.

SOLDIERS.

Brava! Brava! Brava!

SERGEANT.

Ah, by thunder and Mars, I swear
The old woman deserves a kiss.

DUCHESS AND GUESTS.

What effrontery—insolence too great!
Such an alliance would mar all pomp and state.

GENERAL CHORUS.

Dear France! all hail to thee,
Sweet scene of early joy,
Of hopes still bright to me,
Which time can ne'er destroy.

FINIS.

Mus 576 .314
Marie, or, The daughter of the regi
Loeb Music Library
ANC1144
3 2044 040 715 088